

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1903.

NO. 36.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
9:39 P. M. Daily.
12:38 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily.
5:16 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
12:18 P. M. Daily.
2:28 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
8:33 A. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 6:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:10
" South	12:38	2:28
	6:56	8:33
MAIL CLOSES.	A. M. P. M.	
North	9:10	12:30
South	6:15	6:25
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.		

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TEAURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. B. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Haywood	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schubert	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

RAIDING YAQUIS

BITE THE DUST

Nine Killed Following Attack On Stage and Two Soldiers Also Fall.

Hermosillo, Mex.—A force of Yaqui Indians has attacked a stage coach which was going from Alamos to Guaymas. Several shots were exchanged, and their reports attracted a detachment of soldiers which happened to be in the neighborhood, and when it arrived the Indians took to fight. Two of the redskins were killed, and one soldier, who received a bullet through the heart. Another soldier and Juan de Dies Valenzuela, a passenger on the stage coach, were seriously wounded.

News of the encounter reached General Torres, Governor of Sonora, and he ordered detachments of rurales to start in pursuit of the Indians. Torres personally left with a number of Federal soldiers, going toward Sierra. Three days later General Torres surprised the Indians at Bajopuri and killed seven of them and captured the others. Lieutenant Robles, General Torres' aid de camp, was killed by the side of his chief. Lieutenant-Colonel Anastasio Torres and Captain Meneses were badly wounded and several soldiers were also hit.

Advantages always look larger than disadvantages, even when the scales are balanced.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

forty suits of clothes, and much cloth laid out for suits. The damage amounts to about \$1000. Suspicion is directed against a tailor who got into trouble with the firm last week by drawing money for a piece of work and then disposing of the garment to another tailor for a similar sum. Revenge for threatened prosecution is regarded as the motive.

Surveyors are at work surveying and laying out a townsite at Edison. The site was formerly known as Wade, a small, obscure watering station on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway, about seven miles from Kern City. Upon the advent, however, of the Edison Power Development Company in the canyon, about ten miles from Edison, the place suddenly came into prominence, as the company found it a convenient location for establishing its warehouse, which was used for storing machinery and supplies.

Governor Pardee has appointed James C. Elbe, a prominent Glenn county farmer, to succeed the late J. R. Troxel as Supervisor.

Mrs. Julia Ruggles of Sacramento, who was brutally beaten by an assailant, whose name she refused to divulge, died at the County Hospital.

Fire started by a barley crusher destroyed four hundred acres of grain for the Simon New Company, near Newman. A part of the grain was in the reserves.

Frank Grohl, a laborer of Sacramento, was run over by a train at Tenth and R streets, receiving probably fatal injuries, both legs being cut off below the knees.

Alexander Thompson has been found guilty of murder in the second degree in the Superior Court at Visalia. Last December Thompson shot and killed Tim Slaughter at Plano because of a dispute about a span of mules.

Owing to the large number of suburban trolley cars in Portland which have been held up by highwaymen recently the Oregon Water Power and Railway Company has armed all of its conductors and motormen with revolvers.

William Nemo was shot and killed by Mrs. Della Kirk in a lodging-house in Butte, Mont., after he had choked her almost into insensibility. The trouble arose over Mrs. Kirk's intention to leave Nemo. She is under arrest.

Ore has been struck in the Midway mine at Tonopah in the north crosscut from the 535-foot level. The extent and value are not yet known. In the south cross-cut some very rich stringers have been cut indicating an approach to a ledge.

Detectives Hawley and Jones of Los Angeles left for Chicago to bring back Reinlein and Engvahl, the two young men arrested there charged with stealing Mr. Webster's diamonds at the Hotel Melrose in this city. The jewelry, valued at \$15,000, has not been recovered.

Rossotti Innocensa, an Italian, 30 years old, working with a section gang on the Southern Pacific track near Sunnyvale, was killed by the northbound broad-gauge train from Los Gatos. He is said to have a brother living in Santa Clara county somewhere, but was not married.

The Oriental liner Hyades of the Boston Steamship Company cleared Tacoma for North Japan and China ports, carrying 115,950 sacks of flour, equal to nearly 30,000 barrels; 455,000 feet of lumber for Vladivostok and other northern ports. Among other general merchandise the steamer's manifest includes 554 cases of bicycles for Yokohama.

Major Fred Muller of Santa Fe has just concluded a series of successful experiments in raising silkworms from eggs furnished by the Department of Agriculture. Nathan Salmon of Syria, an expert in silk pronounced the cocoon the finest he ever saw. The business men of Santa Fe are preparing to make extensive experiments in silk culture.

While Charles A. Cushing, president of the Port Angeles and Eastern Railroad, in Washington, was cleaning his shotgun he in some manner accidentally discharged one barrel of the gun into his abdomen. The gun was loaded with bird shot, the full charge of which entered the body on the left side, and after passing through the abdominal cavity made its egress at a point to the right, and below the navel. Although Cushing is still alive, his condition is very critical.

An extraordinary piece of vandalism was perpetrated in the tailor shop of Lewis & Johnson at Stockton. With a pair of shears some one cut great gashes in between thirty and

MOUNTAIN'S BULK FALLS INTO ABYSS

Strange Happening in the Coast Range, Near Fresno, is Reported.

GREAT PEAK SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS

Phenomenon in a Sulphurous Region Startles a Wealthy Sheep Owner Who Is Unable to Account For the Occurrence.

Fresno.—A report was brought to Fresno by Antonio Urruchi, a wealthy sheep man and landowner living on Los Gatos creek in the Coast Range Mountains sixty-five miles west of this city, of the mysterious dropping into the earth of the greater part of a large mountain on his ranch about a week ago. He is unable to account for the phenomenon. There had been no earthquake and no visible trace of any upheaval.

The strangest part of the occurrence is that the sinking of the earth was not gradual, but very sudden, nothing of the kind having been anticipated. The mountain was right at the edge of Los Gatos creek, sloping steeply down to the water. The section that disappeared was on the opposite side of the mountain, and to offset the sinking on one side there was an upheaval on the other, a bank of some eight or nine feet in height being raised by the creek side. Where the section of the mountain sank there is now a sheer bluff of fifty feet or more. This is the part of the mountain that did not drop.

Charles Spaulding is in the Great Falls Hospital, fatally wounded; Clifton E. Walker is at the house of Samuel H. Wilson, near Cascade, in a dying condition, and Mrs. Walker is badly bruised as the result of a shooting affair near Cascade, Montana. Spaulding says he went to Walker's ranch to get some land filing papers which Walker denied possessing. While arguing the question he says Mrs. Walker attacked him with a butcher knife. In self-defense he knocked her down, whereupon Walker opened fire on him with a shotgun. He then shot Walker in the lung. Walker says that when he came to the door he saw Spaulding choking his wife and pointing a revolver at her. He says he shot to protect his wife. Mrs. Walker corroborates this story. Both men are well-known residents of Cascade.

Accidentally Kills His Friend.

Santa Rosa.—Gus Rackstroth sought to frighten William Neygard, a visitor at his cabin, near Gualala, on Sunday. The latter was approaching Rackstroth's place of residence at the time, and, thinking to frighten his visitor, he picked up his gun with the intention of firing it in the opposite direction. As he raised the weapon to his shoulder it was discharged. The charge penetrated Neygard's abdomen and caused almost instant death. Both of the men are Russian Fins, and have heretofore been the best of friends. There is no apparent reason for Rackstroth desiring to take the life of his friend, and his explanation that the shooting was accidental is generally accepted. Rackstroth was arrested and charged with the homicide.

Heppner Relief Fund Growing Large.

Heppner, Or.—Although no bodies have been found since Wednesday evening, the search will continue for several days more. The known missing now number about twenty, besides these there are believed to have been in the neighborhood of ten strangers in the city who never came out of the flood alive who have yet to be accounted for. Additions to the relief fund still continue to pour in, and several societies have either sent funds for the relief of destitute members or have agents here to care for them. The total contributions to date amount to \$44,480.

Biological Find Near San Diego.

San Diego.—A rare find has been made by biological searchers while investigating in local waters. A specimen of cladorena radiata, a species of European jellyfish, was discovered. This form of life has never been found in American waters. Another rare specimen never before found in Pacific waters was taken, the Eastern tritopsis, a native of Maryland and North Carolina waters.

Funston Goes to Alaska.

Washington.—General Funston, commanding the Department of the Columbia, has informed the War Department that he has left for Alaska for an inspection of the posts in that Territory.

TO IMPROVE A SOUTHERN RESORT

Plan to Construct a Canal, Reclaim Swamp Land and Build Large Hotel.

New York.—A special to the Tribune from New Orleans says: A party of New York financiers is here for the purpose of financing the New Orleans and Gulf Railway and Navigation Company, which is to make a fashionable summer resort of Grand Isle, naturally the first summer resort in the South. The company has been organized with a capital stock of \$10,000,000. The plans of the company involve a ship canal, which will cut off more than 150 miles from Mexican ports and Galveston; the construction of a million-dollar hotel at Grand Isle and the reclamation of 500,000 acres of swamp land lying between New Orleans and Grand Isle. This land has already been purchased by the company.

The improvements this company contemplates will, the promoters say, mean the addition to the population between the Mississippi river and Bayou la Fourche, and in the country directly across La Fourche, of about 1,000,000 people.

Arrested on a Serious Charge.

Santa Rosa.—John Shall, a San Franciscan, aged about 50 years, has been arrested at Healdsburg, accused of having assaulted Mary Ord, an 11-year-old girl. The child is the daughter of Robert Ord, a farmer residing in Dry Creek valley, nine miles from Healdsburg. The crime is alleged to have been committed on the banks of Dry creek. The girl accuses Shall and her statements are corroborated by her brother. Shall made no attempt to escape, and could easily have eluded the officers. He denies the entire story told by the children and has refused to have the services of an attorney. He believes he will be exonerated on his statement.

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Savings Stolen by Robbers.

Little Valley, N. Y.—Robbers broke into a farmhouse two miles from Limestone and robbed James and Patrick Quinton, who lived there alone, of \$4000. The Quintons, who are bachelors, were known to be suspicious of banks and kept their house barred against robbers. The intruders set fire to a mass of rubbish in the yard and when the brothers opened the door to run to the fire the robber hit James on the head, knocking him unconscious. The other brother is a cripple.

Ammonia Explosion Wrecks a Brewery.

Chicago.—An explosion of ammonia gas in the Citizens' Brewery wrecked the building and resulted in fatal injury to Charles Brunke, the night brewer, and serious injuries to Charles Howard, night engineer, and to Frank Fisher, night fireman. Several firemen were overcome by the fumes of ammonia. The night engineer is said to have turned steam into the ammonia tank instead of into the boiler. The property loss is estimated at \$150,000.

American Aeronaut Injured in Europe.

New York.—A dispatch to the Sun from Vienna says: An American aeronaut named Steffens met with an accident at Laibach. He had arranged to make an ascent in a captive balloon and to come down in a parachute. The parachute did not open properly and Steffens fell, breaking both legs and sustaining internal injuries that are likely to prove fatal.

Mining District May Prove Valuable.

Bakersfield.—The discovery of the mining property on the banks of the Kern river, in Tulare county, near the so-called Little Meadow, has created much interest here and in the surrounding country. The ledge, which is twenty feet in width, carries ore worth in the neighborhood of \$25 in free gold a ton and sulphur in large quantities.

Shocking Crime of a Woman.

New Orleans, La.—Mrs. Mary Patterson is under arrest at New Iberia, charged with murder. The woman became enraged at her step-daughter, a little girl of 10 years and after beating her tied her in a corn sack and suspended her to a limb of a tree. She then made a fire beneath the tree and piled on a lot of paper to intensify the heat and smoke. The sack caught fire, and the body, falling out, burned to a crisp.

Suicide With Dynamite.

Brunswick, Ga.—George Coats, a former prominent railroad and club man of this city, committed suicide near Urbana, a suburb of Brunswick. He used dynamite and his body was mangled into an almost unrecognizable mass. The body was discovered in an un frequented location in the woods.

Drowned in the Sioux River.

Sioix City, Ia.—While John Suave and his sister, Dora, and Michael Lee and Miss Thena Waldum were boating on the Sioux river they got into the wake of an excursion steamer and their boat was overturned. Suave and his sister were rescued, but Lee and Miss Waldum were drowned.

TO BUILD A BIG SEWER SYSTEM.

Formal Breaking of Ground at New Orleans.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

France is confronting another crisis.
The prune crop has failed.

The average man needs a vacation
the most just after he has returned
from one.

When a bookkeeper gets a job in
the treasury department at Washington
he becomes a financier.

If you have but one boil your are
lucky. You might have two. Be
thankful you are not Job.

If the President gets a few more
LL D's his full name and all his titles
will look like the span of a cantilever
bridge.

Two years have slowly passed since
Mr. Edison announced that he was
about to make the horse go. Ah, such
a slowness!

Notwithstanding Mr. Carnegie's frequent
backssets, we still incline to the
belief that it is harder to accumulate
a big fortune than to give one away.

The statement that American makers
of automobiles have outstripped their
European competitors may be true,
but it would sound more natural to say
that they had run over them.

Great Britain has just put a dab
of red paint on another 100,000 square
miles of Africa; but it does not hide
the much more costly red that paved
the way for the imperial mapmaker.

Developments in the get-rich-quick
industry demonstrate once more that
no divorce decree is necessary to procure
the separation of a fool and his
money. The prospect of robbing some-
body else constitutes all the inducement
necessary.

Whether or not a man may marry
his deceased wife's sister is again agitating
English lawmakers. Five thousand
women have signed a petition
asking that such a privilege be granted.
Wonder if the signers told their
married sisters of their action.

A United States consul was sentenced
to a day's imprisonment in a German
jail. Had the circumstances been re-
versed, what thunderous philippies
might not the German press have
poured forth concerning what American
newspapers regard as a comic
episode!

In all the complaining of our immense
pension account, and it has been both frequent and loud, no one
has ever been heard to intimate that
too much liberality is exercised toward
those pensioners who were seriously
and permanently disabled by
wounds received in action. On the contrary,
there has long been a practically universal
feeling that some of the millions going to persons less deserving
should go to them. The cases of the
maimed soldiers have always appealed
to the sympathy of their countrymen.

At Pensacola the Alabama made a
record of twelve hits in as many shots
from the biggest guns in the navy
(thirteen inch), at a target 17,211 in
size, 1,600 yards distant, while the
ship was steaming at the rate of ten
knots an hour. Taking the record of
hits by the weight of metal fired, the
Alabama scored 64.8 per cent. of hits
out of 49,888 pounds of metal fired; the
Indiana 60 per cent. of 42,900
pounds fired, and the Illinois, 53.5 per
cent. out of 47,720 pounds fired. There
is no waste of money in target practice
which gives such results as those at
Pensacola. And such practice must
be kept up. The best navy in the world
is the one which has the best gunners
in its service and to attain this efficiency
much money must necessarily
be fired away at targets.

All is well, for all is growing better.
I have been round the world, and I
tell you there is no place on the surface
of this planet where you cannot
see that all is growing better all the
time." That is Mr. Andrew Carnegie's
report from London on the state of the
globe. A man worth hundreds of millions
of dollars, who is seeking enjoyment
in giving them away for the purpose
of doing good, may naturally be
expected to take a rosy view of things
in general, but allowing for that, and
for some spots here and there, Mr. Carnegie
is right. The world is growing
better all the time. There is more
money and the things that money will
buy than ever there was, and more
people get a larger share of both.
There is more liberty than ever before.
The power and prestige of kings and
nobles, of the privileged classes, is
constantly declining, and the power of
the people increasing. There are a
great many more republics than
existed a hundred years ago. An absolute
monarch has become an anachronism,
and his sole pretensions to divine right—which once nobody
would have disputed—now excite ridicule.

The good woman fares badly at the
hands of the novelists. She is made
dull and priggish, and she lacks all
together that charm which is her fitting
characteristic. Becky Sharp is
better company than Amelia; Agnes
Wickfield and Dorothea and Mirah
Cohen and Marcella are too pedagogic
in their attitude toward human nature
to be chosen, if one were seeking a

companion for a year on a desert island.
A little more gaiety, spontaneity, impulsiveness, would make such
women better comrades and not less
effective for good works. The truth is
that the writer who wishes to put a
good woman in his book has a task of
extreme difficulty. The fundamental
quality of this woman is her symmetry
of character. She has no eccentricities;
yet eccentricities are the stock
in trade of the novelist. They lend
themselves to description and embodiment.
They stand out from the page.
They give substantiality to the
character of fiction. The reader may hate
the peculiarities, but he acknowledges
that the character who has them seems
a real woman. Beside her, the women
of well-proportioned virtues seem flat
and vague. There is, however, one
glorious exception to this rule. It is
found, as we might expect, in the wonderful
gallery of Shakespeare's creations.
He at least knew how to make
his good women fascinating—Portia,
Beatrice, Rosalind, Imogen, Miranda,
Viola—each more enchanting than the
other, and each having her individual
grace. It is perhaps a subtle compliment
to women that so few of the
great imaginative writers have succeeded
in depicting the ideal woman.
One may seek for her in vain among
the creations of many great novelists;
but when it comes to looking for her
in real life, it is not hard to discover
that woman who is good, gracious and
compassionate, and at the same time
amusing, intellectual and achieving.

Among the many readers of this
paper there are doubtless bright-faced,
eager young pupils in the public schools
to whom this is a time of great moment,
the fork in the road, the turning
point, perhaps, on which hinges
the success or failure of their future
lives. They are going to college, these
boys. In the high school or the
preparatory school they have proved them-
selves worthy of a higher education,
and they are halting now between
the different courses and wondering
which offers to them the greatest
opportunities. It is a great problem.
Much depends upon it being answered
right. It may be that success or
failure hangs upon the answer. It is
for this reason, dear boy with the
great hopes for the future, that the
following bit of history is related:
Two years ago—or, was it three?—
Cornell University graduated a great
class of engineers, civil, mechanical,
electrical, mining, while in the College
of Forestry there was a single candidate
for a diploma. Of the engineering
classes, running into the hundreds,
places had been secured for nine men
out of ten—places at salaries ranging
from \$5 to \$10 and \$12 a week. There
was a great demand for the young
engineers. The great locomotive works
wanted a few, the great bridge building
companies, the electrical companies—
the Westinghouse, the General
Electric, the Western Electric and
others—took more. They take them
every year. Why should they not,
when they can get talented and
educated young men at wages which are
paid to the salesmen and women in
a city store? For the solitary man
who had studied the science of
forestry the United States government,
New York State and several other
commonwealths, two or three institutions
of learning and a number of private
enterprises were clamoring. One
of the lowest salaries offered to him
was \$1,200 a year, with prospects of
rapid increase. So great was the
demand for men who could make two
trees grow where one grew before that
President Schurman publicly announced
the fact and deplored that so many
young men were constituting themselves
to lives of ill-paid endeavor in the
over-crowded professions when
one full of delightful possibilities was
clamoring for men. There is no need
to point out the moral of the tale.
Boys who are hesitating which road
to take should seek the guides and
ask them to what ends the different
roads of learning promise to lead. The
universities are turning out too many
engineers and lawyers and doctors.
They are turning out altogether too
many bad preachers. Let our bright
boys seek some less crowded paths on
which life will not be a constant struggle
toward the survival of the fittest
and on which they may walk with
less of toil and sorrow and with
opportunity for more useful and more
satisfactory accomplishment.

What She Was Seeking.
A lawyer who has charge of the
collection of rents of a large tenement
on the East Side was recently visited
by an old Irish woman, who, after
much persuasion, had been induced to
come down town and pay her rent.
The lawyer's office was on one of the
upper floors of a large office building.
After the rent had been paid and the receipt given, the old woman
was shown out into the hallway by
the office boy. The lawyer found her
in the hallway a few minutes later,
when he had occasion to go out. She
was wandering about opening doors
and otherwise acting in a strange manner.
"What are you looking for?" asked
the lawyer.
"Shure, I'm lookin' for the little
closet I came up in."

Conscripts Are Outlawed.
Twenty-seven thousand and forty-
seven hundred conscripts from Alsace-
Lorraine have failed to join the colors
and have been declared outlaws. All
their property reverts to the crown.

Mail on a Liner.
A full mail carried by a big Atlantic
liner averages 200,000 letters and 300
sacks of newspapers.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Alarming Immigration.

ALMOST every nation in the world is sending an increasing number of immigrants to the United States. Last month the newcomers numbered 126,200, being 30,000 more than for April of 1902. The total for the year may reach 1,000,000, or half the population of Chicago, the second largest city in the country.

Is so great an influx of foreigners natural or desirable? Many in a condition to know say that immigration is prompted largely by mineowners and railroad managers, who wish to be kept supplied with cheap labor, and who do not care particularly whence it comes or whether it will be desirable material out of which to make American citizens, or whether its presence may not contribute to social or industrial disorder.

Many of the great railroad systems approve of unrestricted immigration because it swells their profitable emigrant business. They have their agents in Europe soliciting that kind of business. The greater the number of men and women that can be induced to come to this country and to buy tickets to inferior points the more money the roads make. They offer low ocean and rail rates, which tempt the emigrant and yet are profitable to the roads.

While some great employers favor unrestricted immigration because it gives them cheap labor, the labor unions may reach the conclusion that for that very reason unrestricted immigration must be harmful to their interests because it will lead inevitably to a reduction of wages.

When the supply of labor is much in excess of the demand the maintenance of a high wage scale becomes impossible. While a large percentage of the immigration is unskilled labor, it must be remembered that many unions are composed of men who do that kind of labor. Numbers of men and women and children are coming from "sunny Italy" and are offering their services to whoever will buy them. They come with no industrial experience, but there are hundreds of kinds of work requiring little skill they can speedily be taught to do. They have strength and willingness to work. Wages which seem low to Americans seem at first high to the Italians.

The adult Italian or Slav may be willing to spend his days in a coal mine or a railroad construction camp. The children will not be. They will look for occupations of a higher order. Some of them will learn trades and increase the number of skilled workers. When times grow dull there will be an excess of workers and wages will go down.

The labor organizations belonging to the American Federation of Labor asked the last Congress to bar out illiterate immigrants. The object was to keep down the undesirable cheap labor immigration. The steamship companies, which make money off their steerage passengers and drum up business throughout eastern Europe, and some Western railroads which are extending their lines, protested against and defeated the legislation, "organized labor" petitioned for. Considering the swelling tide of immigration, much of it of an undesirable nature, the labor leaders probably will ask the next Congress in emphatic language to order the exclusion of illiterates to protect American labor and the high standard of American citizenship.—Chicago Tribune.

A Word About the Quiet Life.

RUSH and strenuous are the striking characteristics of life in this epoch. Success, according to the prevailing notion, consists in getting something, whether it be wealth, public office, social position, notoriety or power, which lifts the possessor to eminence. Failure, in the general opinion, consists of not rising above the ruck. To be undistinguished is to be unsuccessful; to be contented in obscurity is to be contemptible. *

In all this jostling, pushing, scrambling, elbowing scrumming which we call the strenuous life, a man has little opportunity to step aside and look at the hurly-burly from the side-lines. Let a man stop a second for breath to get into the game. If he lags a moment, if he stands irresolute in front of the ball, he is sent off the field and an eager substitute takes his place.

The best success, and the kind most worth having, consists rather in being than in doing or getting. To most men this knowledge comes with years and wisdom when it is too late to begin again. The men that have made the greatest success in the world's eyes have borne witness to the wisdom of those contemplative men who seek contentment in their own minds and not in striving for things outside of themselves. To grow inwardly is to be successful. Suc-

MAPLE-SUGAR THAT WAS.

Many a New Englander brought up in the country has passed a confectionary store in the city where he has been exiled and has stopped to look at the cakes of brown sugar with scalloped edges ingeniously marked, "Maple Sugar." No doubt he has wished that the sign told the truth, and has gone to the sign to see if it was true, and has gone on his way, shaking his head and remembering the time when real maple sugar was plenty in his father's house.

The method of making maple sugar, the days and nights in the woods, the boiling down of the sap—all this hearty good story has been told many times, and there is nothing to add. But there are two aspects of the difference between the old sugar and the new which are not so generally known.

In the old days maple sugar was not simply an abundant luxury; it was a necessity. And strange as it seems to us, the luxury was cane sugar, such as we buy now for a few cents a pound.

Before the time of modern manufacture and cheap freights, "store sugar" was expensive in the north, and especially in the country. Many an old New Englander grew up without any sugar except that which was manufactured in his back yard. Maple sugar was, then, to the northern countryman a necessity, like potatoes and ham. It was only when white sugar became a common commodity the world over that the making of maple sugar became a sort of special industry to supply a confection for city markets, and a part of the stock of that thick manufactured stuff sold in bottles as maple syrup.

Another change took place in the manufacture of real maple sugar, which no doubt has robbed it of some of its old flavor. Instead of the wooden spiles driven into the trees to con-

nect comes from within and does not depend on circumstances.

It would be well if every man, once or twice during a year, would project himself, mentally, out of the muddle and endeavor for a short while to get a broader outlook and take his spiritual bearings. Retiring into the recesses of his soul he might compare his present self with what he has been and what he hopes to be, and subject himself generally to inward scrutiny. His examination of conscience might be aided by the reading of some meditative book.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Good Roads.

A GOOD road is one that will reasonably meet the peculiar demands of the locality and its conditions as to character of traffic, topography, available materials and financial resources. For many routes a very narrow roadway will suffice. With infrequent travel of comparatively light vehicles only, a light construction at a corresponding cost will be permissible. At the other extreme, for roads over which many wagons heavily loaded with ore, metals or quarry products, and drawn by many mules or horses, even the most substantial form of the ordinary classes of construction, at all within financial possibility, is often inadequate, and in such places some form of steel road may be found more economical, in first cost as well as in maintenance. Some localities are favored with good gravel or stone with which hard roads can be built at small expense, and their topography and soil are favorable to easy and thorough drainage, an important consideration.

The people need, also, to be taught how to use good roads after they are built. One little example of what should not be done is the habit of following the same track in the middle of the road, which soon produces ruts by concentrating the wear both of the wheels and of the horses' feet. To meet this difficulty, in some parts of the country signs have been put up alongside the roadside with admonition: "Do not keep in the middle of the road," or some similar suggestion to distribute the traffic over the whole width of the roadway. Experience with various materials, implements, methods of construction and maintenance, and types of bridges and structures is yielding useful knowledge which should be made as widely available as possible for the benefit of those having charge of road and street work.—The Engineering Record.

War and Long Life.

IT is not always true that war shortens life. The sole survivor of the Greek War of Independence, who was brought to the notice of King George the other day, is said to be 105 years old, and the last survivors of our wars have often reached a much greater age. Sir Joseph Fayrer, one of the King's physicians, has spoken to a man who fought in the battle of Buxar, which took place in 1764. William Gillespie, who saved the colors at Preston Pans, and is on the roll of Chelsea pensioners, died in Dumfries at 102, and the last survivor of the capture of Gibraltar lived to be 115. Thomas Winnis, who died in 1791, near Tuam, in Ireland, had fought in the battle of Londonderry in 1701, and Phoebe Hessel, the Amazon, who received a bayonet wound at Fontenoy in 1745, lived to be 108, receiving a pension from the private purse of George IV. until her death. A veteran of Culloden drew a pension for sixty years and died aged 106, and a man, whose horse was shot under him at Edgehill in 1642, died, ninety-four years later, aged 113. There is now no survivor of Waterloo, but Madame Girvon, of Viesville, Hainault, saw the ground drenched with blood, and Napoleon riding "as if in a dream."—London Chronicle.

Protection for Willing Workers.

THE cure for the paralysis of industry which is caused everywhere by the locking of horns between employee and employer is available whenever the public is ready to apply it. It consists of full protection for the thousands of laborers who always prefer work to idleness. Protection, however, does not lie only in long sticks carried by the police for use in moments of positive violence. It lies first in public opinion so general and so determined to give men their rights under the law that the misguided sentimentalists who keep pouring the encouragement of praise on the leaders of coercion shall not prevail against it. Where law rules idleness cannot last for any length of time in any civilized community.—New York Sun.

THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER;" AN EPISODE OF THE PHILLIPINE WAR.

THE music ceased. Every man listened. There was a hush in the air, and the descending sun cast long shadows in the field. Through the tangled masses of trees that hid the Philippine musicians, a few figures could be seen moving boldly out on the enemy's works.

Then a beautiful thing happened: From the distant camp came a rolling throb of drums, and the insurgent band swung grandly into "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was a moment of yawning surprise, and then the whole Kansas regiment, stretched out for nearly a mile, leaped from the trenches and stood on top of the earthworks. Every soldier drew his heels together, uncovered, and placed his hat over his left breast.

It was the regulation salute to the national anthem. As the music rolled forth, clear, high, splendid, the Kansans straightened themselves and remained motionless while the enemy continued to play the one supreme psalm of America.

The whole line was exposed. Not a man carried a weapon in his hand. Yet not a shot was fired. The Filipinos watched the bareheaded American regiment, and played on. It was one of those psychological moments when profound sentiment unites thousands of hearts when the pentecostal spirit descends, and the passions of men are stilled in the presence of a common altar.

"Oh, say, does the star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?"

What was it that stirred the insurgent Asiatics to play that anthem?

What was it that inspired a whole regiment to bare its breast to the enemy in order to salute the music?

What power held the forces of death in leash while Kansan and Malay faced each other that burning day?

Why did the rugged men in khaki shed tears?

And when the anthem was done, and the splendid line still stood erect and uncovered on the breastworks, why did that roar of applause ascend from the Philippine camp?

Never was there a loftier scene on a field where men were met to shed each other's blood—a noble challenge, nobly met.

When it was over there was an interval of silence; but as the light died out of the sky, and the stars appeared, the sound of rifles was heard again.—The Great Highway.

vey the sap, iron ones are now used, and instead of a hollowed half-log to catch the sap, the modern maple sugar maker uses an iron pall. This may seem like an improvement, and the same old sap, of course, flows into these modern receptacles. But it may be that maple sap, like other delicate fluids, takes part of its flavor from the vessel that holds it.

In boiling down the sap sheet-iron are used in place of the old generous

QUEER STORIES

The largest mule on earth, a 3-year-old jinnet, belongs to Michael Murray of Hereford, Mo. She is eighteen hands, or six feet high at the shoulders and weighs 1,705 pounds.

Germany has built the finest, fastest vessels afloat, although she is not geographically a maritime country, and no other country is so largely dependent on others for the raw material which enter into the making of a ship.

A duel on bicycles was recently fought in Paris. The two combatants were placed fifty yards apart and then ordered to charge. They rode at one another at a furious pace, but overshot the mark and failed to meet. Wheeling quickly round, they returned to the charge, and this time came together with a terrific shock. Both were thrown, while the seconds, who were following behind, also on bicycles, fell in their turn, and both were injured. Neither of the combatants touched the other with his sword, but in falling one ran his weapon into himself and his opponent injured his leg.

A scientific examination of the oil deposits in the great coast prairie extending from Louisiana through Texas to Mexico, a distance of several hundred miles, has recently been made by Prof. R. T. Hill, who describes his results in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*. The oil was first struck in 1901 by a drill hole driven 1,100 feet deep, through clay and quicksand. More than two hundred wells are now in operation, and one has been sunk to a depth of more than three thousand feet. Sometimes hot water is struck below the oil, and sometimes the oil itself is hot. The deeper it is found the more salt the water is.

There are about two hundred thousand stars between the first and ninth magnitude, the number of each lesser magnitude being about three times that of the next higher. Now, if this rate of increase were continued down to the seventeenth magnitude, there would be about 1,400,000,000 visible. In the best modern telescopes, telescopic observation and photographic charts show nothing approaching this number. The latest estimate does not exceed one hundred million. As the instruments reach further and further into space they find a continuous diminution in the number of stars, thus indicating an approach to the outer limits of the stellar universe.

When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a tea-pot into a cup, but fill a goblet made out of a pumpkin or gourd, and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of the dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and Southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism, and chemical tests which have been made by German physicians seem to show that there is good ground for this statement. Certain it is that tea is widely used throughout Paraguay in cases of illness, and that, so far as has been observed, the effects produced by it are highly beneficial.

Innovations on the Farm.

The prairie West is more progressive than most people believe. It takes up the new ideas quickly and pushes them to the limit. In rural delivery the States of Kansas and Nebraska are as progressive as Ohio. Out on the plains, 200 miles and more west of Kansas City and Omaha, are the rural wagons making their daily trips. The towns are mostly on the railroads running east and west. Most of the rural routes run north and south, and each covers approximately fifty miles in the round trip, serving 100 families. Out on the edge of Kansas, close to the Oklahoma line, where only a few years ago it was a cattle range, are the white wagons. From the little town of Caldwell go seven wagons, serving 700 families. Out on the ranches, where the cow-boys are watching the improved herds, the morning Kansas City papers with the full Associated Press news up to 2 o'clock in the morning are delivered at 10 a.m. Every event of importance in the world's history of the last twenty-four hours is thus known. Fast mail trains have brought the papers to the county seat and the carriers started about 8 a.m. on their trips.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Cares of Great Wealth.

The troubles of the rich received a forcible illustration in a recent conversation between Senator Clark, of Montana and one of his friends, according to the *New York Times*. The senator said he had once received from an English syndicate an offer of \$80,000 for his mining property.

"Why didn't you take it?" asked his friend.

"I want to live a little longer," was the ambiguous answer.

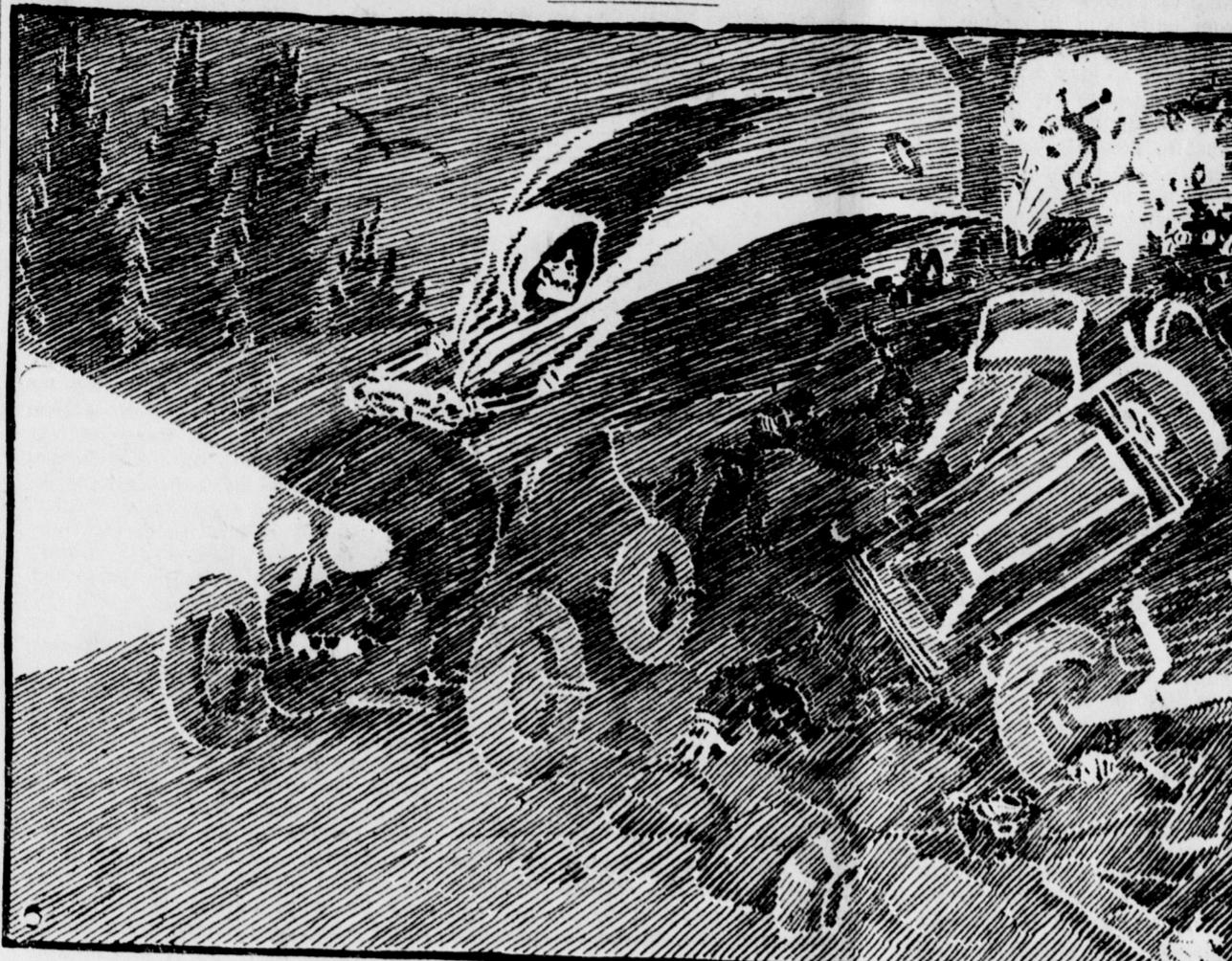
What do you mean?"

"Well," said the senator, slowly, "it may seem strange to you, but if I had sold out for \$80,000,000 I wouldn't be alive to-day. I firmly believe, just think what it means to invest \$80,000. All the work and worry suffered by all mankind since the death of Adam would not be equal to the work and worry involved in trying to invest it right. No, sir; I want to live, and declined the job. I'm too old for work like that."

Autos in Congo.

Boma, in the Congo Free State, has a road nearly 150 miles long which is practicable for automobiles.

DEATH WINS.



THE GREAT PARIS-MADRID AUTOMOBILE RACE RESULTED IN A HALF A DOZEN FATALITIES AND MANY INJURIES.

RACING in automobiles has now become practically synonymous with suicide and murder. Some of the victims of the accidents which happened during the furious run from Versailles to Bordeaux, France, were seated in the competing vehicles, and some were innocent bystanders. Seven or eight persons were killed, three of them being burned to death under overturned machines. That the mortality was so small is wonderful. The owners and drivers who reached their destination without mishap were really as culpable as those who ran down and fatally injured spectators. They knew what they were about, and their failure to slay any one must be regarded more as a matter of luck than skill. The winner of the race traveled 343 miles at a mean speed of 40.4 miles an hour, and his average outside the city and village limits is said to have been sixty-two miles. Few railway expresses do so well, and the large number of fatal accidents which have already occurred in the last two or three years from fast running ought to have warned the participants in the Paris-Madrid race of the danger attending their venture. It is

FISHING.

Loafing with a hook and line—
Where the waters swirl about,
Whipping up the stream—it's fine

When the speckled trout are out,
Working up the sparkling shallows
Where the sun the water hallows—
Laughing when the fish begin
Rolling, tumbling, falling in;
Loafing with a hook and line—

Ain't it fine!

Leaving all our care behind,
Leaving all the daily toil—
Going out to feel the wind
And to hear the shallows boil.
Going where the sun is gleaming,
Nature with her joys is teeming—
Whipping up and down the stream
In a piscatorial dream;
Loafing with a hook and line—
Ain't it fine!

Leaving with a hook and line—
Where the waters swirl about,
Whipping up the stream—it's fine

When the speckled trout are out,
Reckless naught of business trouble
While the happy waters bubble,
When the speckled trout begin
Rolling, tumbling, falling in;
Loafing with a hook and line—

Ain't it fine!

Baltimore News.

A Happy Mistake

IS it not possible, my dear Lettice," asked Miss Vynor, having come to an end of her stock of patience, "to find some occupation that will employ your time more usefully and perhaps with less annoyance to other people?"

"What would you do, auntie?" she said, her hands clasped behind her back, her curly brown head a little on one side, as though it were considering a weighty subject, "what would you do, do you think, if you were to receive two offers by the same post, and you didn't like one any better than the other—the people who sent them, I mean?"

"I cannot—if you refer to proposals of marriage—I cannot at all imagine such a contingency," replied Miss Vynor stiffly, stooping over her knitting. With the help of an old friend, Lettice had counted on this when she dispatched her notes in the morning, but now the time was drawing near when the favored lover might be expected, she would have given a great deal to be able to delay his visit. Twenty times did she wish vainly that she had sent a different answer, even if it had resulted in the loss of both her friends. Will Heywood as a devoted friend and admirer had been everything that was pleasant; but now it came nearer the idea of Will Heywood as a prospective husband—oh, that was a different affair altogether!

"Yes, auntie, you're right, as usual. I'll see if I can't find something better to do," and Lettice gladly seized the opportunity of escape from conversation that had seemed in danger of becoming too personal.

She ran lightly upstairs to her own room and, after carefully closing the door, drew from her pocket two envelopes and settled herself in a chair to read their contents, not for the first time.

"Very odd they should both have written, and chosen exactly the same time," she said to herself softly.

For quite a long time Lettice sat with the letters before her, considering, for she was in a serious difficulty.

"I like Humphrey Forde best, I do believe, but he's so grave and so quiet, and somehow—it's too ridiculous—but sometimes he seems almost afraid of me!" His voice quite trembled once or twice when he spoke to me the other day. A man can't be up to much if he's afraid of a girl! No, it must be Will Heywood; he is a dear boy, so bright and full of fun, and ready to enter into everything; we are sure to get on well together. And yet—I'm half sorry."

She gave a quick little sigh; then rose, drew together her writing materials, and began to write. Only a brief message on each dainty sheet; it was all she could muster courage for. On one she wrote: "Come this evening at 7," and addressed the envelope to W. Heywood, Esq., and on the other, in hasty, uncertain characters: "Forgive me, oh, do please forgive me, but I cannot."

As footsteps mounted the stairs toward her room she thrust both notes in the envelopes and hid them hastily. The next moment her aunt rapped at the door and entered.

"I cannot say that I approve," remarked Miss Vynor, in her precise way, "of the habit that young people of the present day seem to have formed of spending so much time in their own apartments. In my own young days a bedroom was a bedroom, and was not intended to be used as a sitting room also; and it appears to me that the habit is conducive to a great waste of time, for there seldom seems to be any visible result from it. I came to propose that we should walk this morning. It is a pity to waste the best part of the day indoors, and especially it is wasted if spent in one's sleeping apartment."

With the help of the walk and other small occupations the hours somehow passed, but never before had a day seemed so long to Lettice Vynor. At length, however, the afternoon drew to a close, and she found herself alone, her aunt having an invitation to spend the evening with an old friend. Perhaps Lettice had counted on this when she

dispatched her notes in the morning, but now the time was drawing near when the favored lover might be expected, she would have given a great deal to be able to delay his visit.

"Oh, you mustn't, you mustn't! I've made a dreadful mistake!" she gasped almost incoherently, finding voice at last, and striving frantically to disengage herself.

Humphrey's arms suddenly loosened, and he held her away from him to look into her face.

"A mistake?" he repeated, slowly, incredulously. "Was that what you really said, Lettice? Do you mean, then, that you do not love me after all?"

The color flushed over the fair little face from brow to chin, and she hung her head in silence. No, she could not say that!

"Speak, Lettice!" he said, his voice grave and almost stern. "I insist on your telling me this. You knew when you wrote it what your letter must imply. Do you mean you were mistaken in thinking that you loved me?"

"No, no, not that!" she whispered, as if the truth were being forced from her.

Humphrey could feel how the slight form trembled. He placed her gently in a low chair, and drew another beside her.

"Come, let me understand," he said more kindly. "You say you love me—is it so? Very good; very good. Then where lies the mistake? Now tell me; I mean to know, and at once."

"I wrote—I wrote two letters," Lettice stammered in desperation, and hid her face in her hands.

Only four words, but they flashed the truth upon Humphrey Forde.

"I understand—at last," he said, and, though he spoke quietly, the girl shrank as if she had received a blow. "You wrote two letters—at the same time, I suppose—and, somehow, by mistake, you sent to me the message intended for another man—for Heywood. Is that your meaning?"

"It must have been so. Oh, can you ever forgive me?" she cried miserably.

Humphrey rose from his seat without a word, and paced up and down the room, his brows knit, his face dark and stern. The silence grew unbearable to Lettice. If he would only

speak, even to cover her with reproaches! Anything would be better than this.

He turned at last, and came and stood before her.

"You told me just now that you loved me, and yet you meant to marry Heywood," he said, as if a thought had just struck him. "Do you love him, too?"

"I—I like him," Lettice answered, with an effort, "more even, or so I thought this morning, than I liked you. But I know now that I could never have loved him, and I thank God that at least my mistake has saved me from doing him a cruel wrong."

Suddenly Humphrey took the girl's two hands in his own with a grasp that was almost rough.

"Lettice, when did you find this out?" he asked in a tone that left her no choice but to answer.

"I found it out—when you kissed me," she whispered, so low that he had to stoop his head to catch the words.

"Oh, can you care for me still, now you know everything?" she cried.

"Do you think my love, then, so slight a thing?" he asked gravely and tenderly.

"Child, do you know that you hold my heart—nay, I think my very life—in the hollow of this little hand? I think there has never been a time when I did not love you. Nay, sweetheart, look up and smile! This is no time for tears. Are you thinking of Will Heywood? He will console himself in time, never fear. Things do not go very deeply with so light a nature as his. All the same, I do not think we will let him know how, near a thing it was for him, eh, little girl?"

Lettice looked up with an April face, smiling through her tears.

"I think you deserve something better than to be married by mistake," she said.

"A happy mistake for me, my Lettice," he answered. "And my wife shall be a happy woman if it lies in my power to make her one."—Baltimore Herald.

Discounts.

There is such a thing as carrying the discount business too far, as the smart advertising agent of a new publication discovered.

"As I understand it," said the merchant, "your rate is \$100 a page for a single insertion, and you deduct 1 cent from this rate for each additional insertion?"

"That is correct," replied the agent.

"If I take a page for two issues it will be \$90 for each, and if I take it for six it will be \$85 for each. Am I right?"

"You are."

"The greater the number of issues for which I contract to take the page, the less the price for each insertion."

"The total rate decreases by 1 cent for each insertion contracted for after the first," explained the agent. "If you agree to take it ten times, there will be nine insertions after the first, and you will get 9 per cent off the rate. In other words, you will only have to pay \$81 each time."

"The idea commands itself to me," said the merchant, thoughtfully, "and if you will stick to that plan I will be glad to make a contract with you to use a full page for 101 consecutive issues."

The agent was jubilant—until he thought it over. Then he wasn't. This discount business can be carried too far.

Show Places and Their Revenues.

Under the new regulations for admission, Windsor Castle will take the premier position among the remunerative show places of England. Its visitors number annually about 100,000, so that the fees will swell the charitable revenues of Windsor by \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year. The toll to the subterranean wonders of Welbeck Abbey yield a steady income of \$6,500, which the Duke of Portland distributes among the Notts hospitals. The Duke of Devonshire forgoes \$17,000 a year by admitting the 70,000 visitors to Chatsworth gratis.

Had Been There a Long Time.

"Where are you living now, old chap? I haven't seen you for a dog's age," asked the confirmed New Yorker of his friend.

"I have a cozy little place in London town," replied the friend. "Have you ever been there?"

"Been there? Been there?" said the confirmed New Yorker wearily. "I should say so! Why I spent a whole week there one afternoon!"—New York Mail and Express.

Negotiable Draft in Sight.

"Dear," said the physician's wife, "when can you let me have \$10?"

"Well," replied the medical man, "I hope to cash a draft shortly and then—"

"Cash a draft? What draft?"

"The one I saw Mrs. Jenkins sitting in this morning,"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not a Negotiable Scroll.

"Why don't you try to write your name on the scroll of fame?"

"My friend," said Senator Sorghum very earnestly, "I have never yet seen anybody tearing leaflets out of the scroll of fame and getting them cashed at the bank."—Washington Star.

Too Fast for Her.

Miss Elden—There are so many fast young men nowadays.

Miss Youngly—H'm—yes; you do seem to have difficulty in catching one.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Roofs Above Tramways.

Roofs over the outside of the tramway cars are being adopted at Sheffield, England.

MIGHTY TREES OF SIERRA.

Greatest in Size of All Creations of the Living World.

During all these ages nature has favored the growth of forests on the Pacific

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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Six Months, 75
Three Months, 40

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Co. Grand and Linden Avenues.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1903.



1776. 1903.
Our Nation's Natal Day.

Aged 127 years. Extends half way around the Globe, from Cape Cod to the China seas, and numbers nearly a hundred millions.

Today President Roosevelt sends the first message that has ever made the entire circuit of the Globe to Governor Taft in Manila. The message will go by the new Pacific cable and the reply come by the old line. Thus it is this great republic will celebrate its 127th anniversary.

If the people who live in Colma want to incorporate no one living outside of the town proper will object, provided: The incorporation limits include the town proper and no more. But to ask, as the Colma petitioners do, for the territory from Ocean View to Baden Station, and from the Crocker estate to the Pacific ocean, embracing over twelve square miles of San Mateo county, is simply preposterous.

The object of the manipulators of the Colma scheme is to get the revenues from the various cemeteries for the support of the proposed town government at the expense of San Mateo county and without cost to the people of the town.

If these gentlemen will take the merchant and liquor licenses now paid by those doing business within a radius of say a half mile of Colma Station, together with the revenue to be derived from the Coursing Park and the powder works, they will have funds sufficient to maintain a modest town government, and no one outside such limits will object. Furthermore, they may if they choose, increase their town revenues by opening their door to poolrooms and other gambling, as they in all probability contemplate doing in any event.

To ask the County Board of Supervisors to divert from the county treasury the sum of from 25 to 30 dollars per day, now collected from the cemeteries is, as we have said, simply preposterous.

The Fate of Hannibal.

Hannibal's life and fate were supremely great and sad. He was a patriot who had only the best interests of his country at heart. In the wars of Carthage against Rome he carried his armies across the strait of Gibraltar, over the Alps and into Italy to the very gates of Rome. For more than a score of years he remained there, supporting his forces upon the enemy and proving himself to be such a literal and lasting scourge that the Roman mothers would quiet their children with the sound of his dreaded name. Finally, when old in years and he was driven forth and defeated, he had made a record in its way unparalleled throughout the annals of ancient warfare.

Yet in his old age he became a fugitive, wandering from one country to the other and finding no rest, owing to the vindictive persecutions of the Romans, who were then all powerful. At last, discovering no spot on earth open to him as a refuge, deserted by his former friends, his country enslaved and his once imperial native city in ruins, he gave way to despair and ended his life with poison.

Crafty M. Blane.

Blane, the founder of the Monte Carlo gambling resort, was well aware of the desperate character of many of his customers. Knowing that they included the scum and riffraff of the world, he took precautions against them. He never carried any money, which fact he announced so frequently and publicly that it was known everywhere along the Riviera that the millionaire Blane never had a penny on his person. But he carried in a pocketbook a draft on red paper for several hundred thousand francs, payable to the indorsee. He feared kidnapping as much as robbery, and in case of abduction he intended to ransom himself with this draft. But the instructions at his office were not to cash a red draft with his signature unless a telegram was received from him ordering it to be done.

OLD FAVORITES

The Clown's Baby.

It was out on the Western frontier. The miners, rugged and brown, were gathered around the posters; The circus had come to town! The great tent shone in the darkness, like a wonderful palace of light, and rough men crowded the entrance. Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them; Many a face that was bad, and some that were only vacant, and some that were very sad. And behind a canvas curtain, in a corner of the place, the clown, with chalk and vermilion, was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman, With a smile that still was sweet, Sewed on a little garment, With a cradle at her feet. Pantaloons stood ready and waiting; It was time for the going on; But the clown in vain searched wildly The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting, "It's strange that I cannot find— There! I've looked in every corner; It must have been left behind!" The miners were stamping and shouting. They were not very patient men; The clown bent over the cradle— "I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered, But trouble and want were near; She lifted her baby gently; "You'll be very careful, dear?" "Careful? You foolish darling!" How tenderly it was said; While a smile shone through the chalk and paint— "I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar, Misrule for the time was king; The clown, with a foolish chuckle, Boiled into the ring.

But as, with a squeak and flourish, The fiddles closed their tune, "You'll hold him as if he was made of glass!"

Said the clown to pantaloons.

The jovial fellow nodded:

"I've a couple myself," he said;

"I know how to handle 'em, bless you! Old fellow, go ahead!"

The fun grew fast and furious,

And not one of all the crowd Had guessed that the baby was alive,

When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed

From the benches with a ring,

And the roughest customer there sprang up

With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"

The ring was jammed in a minute,

Not a man that did not strive,

For a shot at holding the baby—

The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors

In the midst of the dusty ring,

And he held his court right royally—

The fair little baby king—

Till one of the shouting courtiers,

A man with a bold, hard face,

The talk, for miles of the country,

And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,

And chuckled, "Look at that!"

As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,

Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"

There never was such a hatful

Of silver, and gold, and notes;

People are not always penniless,

Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"

I tell you, those cheers were meant,

And the way in which they were given

Was enough to raise the tent.

And then there was sudden silence,

And a gruff old miner said,

"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!

It's time it was put to bed."

A SLAVE OF CUSTOM.

African Servant Was So Industrious

He Was Annoying.

To have a servant so industrious as to interfere with all chance of comfort was the unfortunate experience of Mr. Portman, who lived in Africa, and is the author of "Station Studies."

Buttons that disappeared one day were replaced before the dawn of another in entirely inopposite spots. New flannel shirts were shrunk in unnecessary washing until they were past all service.

The trouble was, writes Mr. Portman, that nothing could stem the flow of his good intentions. I had only, for instance, to leave my lodgings for a few moments to find on my return my campstead carefully folded up in one corner of the room, the mattress and blankets forming a neat roll in another, and any clothes which I had happened to leave about snatched away for washing. It mattered nothing that I wished to lie down on the bed, use the mattress to encourage my siesta and change into the clothes; all this lay outside Hamis's view of his study.

Nothing would induce him to swerve from his unvarying rule of life, nor any remonstrance gain any response but the three words, delivered with a pitiful smile at my ignorance, "It is custom."

"Custom," for example, decreed that he should sprinkle water on the veranda at daybreak to lay the dust. It mattered nothing that a flood of rain had been pouring all night and had removed all possibility or dust for hours to come; custom still had its

way, and the stones were sprinkled according to rule.

Custom bade him bring me a cup of tea before I rose. I did not want it, and told him so day after day; but weeks passed before I managed to prevent his bringing it. In accordance with custom he daily seized my bed, bedding, and all the underclothing on which he could lay his hands, and spread them on the patch of grass or, worse still, on the wall surrounding it. But custom hardly ever reminded him that if rain fell they would possibly get wet; and as rain storms in Africa are likely to resemble water-sprouts in volume and April showers in frequency, the chances of my having a dry bed by the evening grew to be very small.

POPE'S SPLENDID GARMENTS.

Innumerable Slippers, Gloves and Rich Vestments.

The Pope has the largest and most costly wardrobe in the whole civilized world. Three large rooms at the Vatican hardly suffice to contain the Pope's wardrobe, and a special body of servants is told off to keep it in order. Each day in the year has its appropriate garment, which varies in color, weight and value, according to the season.

The slippers alone are innumerable, all being made of velvet and embroidered, and the Pope has no excuse for not knowing his left foot from his right, for the design is different on each slipper. The gloves are, if anything, more numerous than the slippers. They are made of the finest white wool, embroidered with pearls.

The wool for the gloves, and for all the garments of the Pope into which wool enters, is the product of a special flock of sheep dedicated for the purpose by a family who have had the special privilege of supplying the pontiffs with wool since the sixteenth century. The pallium, which is the symbol of sacerdotal authority, is usually woven from this wool by nuns, the lambs which supply the wool having been specially blessed by the Pope on Jan. 21 of every year.

Many of the most magnificent papal vestments, thick with gold embroidery, and jewels, have not been worn for a long time, says London Answers, since the loss of temporal power put an end to the great public ceremonies, but they remain in the "guarda roba," jealously watched by the guardians.

VULCANIZED TIMBER.

A considerable amount of interest, says Scientific American, has been aroused by the announcement, as the result of prolonged series of experiments, of a method of so treating timber as to secure even from soft wood a largely increased toughness and hardness. The process is described as one of vulcanizing, comparable in some respects with Bessemer's process of converting iron into steel, and is the invention of Mr. Powell, a Liverpool merchant. The treatment to which the timber is subjected is, roughly speaking, that of saturation at boiling point with a solution of sugar, the water being afterward evaporated at a high temperature. The result is to leave the pores and interstices of the wood filled in with solid matter, and the timber vulcanized, preserved and seasoned. The nature of moderately soft wood, it is claimed, is in this way changed to a tough and hard substance, without brittleness, and also without any tendency to split or crack. It is also rendered remarkably impervious to water. Hard wood similarly treated derives similar benefits. Moreover, it is claimed that the process may be completed and timber turned out ready for use in a few days.

To Him that Hath.

Philanthropy and "business" are rather curiously related in the minds of some people, as the Lewiston Journal suggests by an anecdote of a Maine farmer. He lived in Cape Elizabeth, and when he went to Portland he invariably favored certain friends with samples of his produce.

Perhaps it only "happened so," but anyway these friends were always well to do, and Mr. Lufkin never unhesitated the old horse to drive home without finding, tucked away in the wagon, something in return fully as valuable as his tribute of vegetables, if not more so.

The neighbors noticed that he always left his little remembrances with people who were "well fixed." So one day, when eggs were away up in price, and he was starting to town with a lot of fresh ones for a certain friend, some one said to him curiously, "Why don't you give those eggs to some poor family?"

"O-ho," said Mr. Lufkin, easily, "poor people can't afford to eat eggs at this time of year! Eggs is high!"

Better Off Abroad.

"He has sold out his business and is going to Europe."

"Yes; he made an enormous profit from the transaction, but everybody considered it more or less crooked."

"Ah, I see. The profit is without honor in his own country?"—Philadelphia Press.

Favored by Royalty.

Sandringham is the favorite retreat of both the king and the queen, even in the winter months. It is nothing more or less than a fine country house, beautified and made more homelike each year.

About the most helpless thing on earth is an automobile seven miles from a country store with its gasoline tank run dry.

Any girl would gladly give up a chaperon for the privilege of calling some chap her own.

CHAMBERMAID ACQUIRED FAME.

A few weeks ago Louise Hadley was an unknown chambermaid in an Indianapolis hotel. To-day she is known all over the United States, her picture has appeared in hundreds of papers,

The Crown.

There is no mention of crowns before the eighth century after Christ. The crown really did not become the head covering of kings until the times of the Christian rulers after the might and power of pagan Rome were broken. Before those days the crowning was done with a helmet. This change in the method of crowning the rulers is typical of the changes that occurred in the spirit that animated nations and races in the selection of their kings.

The first kings and chiefs, after the world had emerged from the patriarchal forms of government, were selected almost altogether for their prominence as leaders in war. Thus, gradually, the chief of the army became the chief of the nation. Almost all the ancient kings were military despots. Then, with the prevalence of Christianity and the overthrow of the old governments, came the new rulers who claimed to rule by divine right. They, too, were almost all military despots, especially in the beginning, but the world had progressed far enough to demand more proof of authority to rule than mere brute power.

Nine persons out of ten would probably give the derivation of blind as coming directly from blind and fold from the practice of folding a cloth round the eyes, as in the game of blind man's buff. The word has, however, nothing to do with fold, but means felled or struck blind and might be written blindfolded. In the same way the word buttery is easily confused with the common term butter, with which, however, it has no connection save in the minds of those who do not know it to be a contraction for bottley, a place where bottles are kept and over which the bottler, or butler, presides.—Chambers' Journal.

What Is Known About Fish.

Pliny, the great naturalist, who lived at about the time of Christ, reckoned the whole number of known species of fish at ninety-four. Linnaeus, the great Swedish investigator of the eighteenth century, could classify 478, and he is known to have been the greatest ichthyologist of the age in which he lived. The progress made in that particular branch since the time of Linnaeus seems all the more wonderful, for now 13,000 species show up in the catalogues of the fish specialists.

The Fool's Way.

The Barber—The fools are not all dead yet.

The Broker—No, but there are a lot who die every day, aren't there?—Yonkers Statesman.



LOUISE HADLEY.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** **South San Francisco, Cal.**

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING

TOWN NEWS

Look out for fire.
The Glorious Fourth.
The greatest day on earth.
Frank Bastien is painting the Armon Hotel.
Keep the water bucket handy and full of water.

Bailey has finished painting Plymire cottage No. 2.

Mrs. J. Huber and Mrs. Borla are visiting in Petaluma.

Daniel Dorsey was in town Tuesday visiting old-time friends.

Miss Marie Lange of Los Angeles is the guest of Mrs. A. Berlinger.

Landlord Welch of the Verandah just received two new open buggies.

Mrs. Aiken of San Francisco was visiting friends here on Wednesday.

C. W. Davis has moved into one of the Healy cottages in the north end of town.

Mr. A. Gordon of Redwood City paid our town a visit on Saturday of last week.

Theodore Berlinger has sold his barber shop to M. L. Crow of San Francisco.

Mrs. White of Madison, Yolo county, was the guest of Mrs. T. McGlothlin this week.

Mrs. L. Pfanziehl of Oregon is spending ten days visiting her sister, Mrs. S. E. Le Grand.

Mary O'Connor, sister of J. T. O'Connor, is visiting her brother and is a guest at the Linden.

Miss Nellie Moore of New Mexico is spending a few days here visiting her cousin, Mrs. Arthur Coombes.

A delegation of local Redmen went down to Redwood City Monday evening to attend the initiation meeting.

Bob Carroll went fishing for trout at the lakes on Saturday of last week. We won't tell how many fish he caught.

At the recent meeting of the County Board of Education F. S. Rossiter was elected chairman for the ensuing year.

Miss Loretta Hickey leaves tomorrow for Chicago, where she will spend the next six months visiting old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Painton left on Thursday for a two weeks' camping outing in the vicinity of La Honda and Pescadero.

The Golden Gate Park Driving Association of San Francisco will give a trotting exhibition at Tanforan Park today. Admission free.

The Sunday School entertainment for the benefit of the church held at Armour Pavilion last Saturday evening was a complete success.

An employee of the rock quarry named Jack Lee was injured by falling a distance of some twenty feet, suffering a fracture of the hip.

Jno. Shirek left on Friday for a two months' outing. Mr. Shirek is traveling with his team and will visit Gilroy, Merced and Livermore.

Rev. G. W. Beatty will preach in Butchers' Hall at 3 p. m. At the close of the sermon will reorganize the Sunday School. Will also preach August 14.—San Mateo Times.

MISS BROMFIELD ON STAGE.

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EXCURSION RATES.

South San Francisco, June 25th, 1903.

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COUNTY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Reports of Census Marshals Make Total 3,344.

The various school census marshals have completed their work and the returns as transmitted to the County Superintendent of Schools shows the following:

Alpine	17	Portola	67
Bolinas	35	Furman	20
Califview Point	18	Guadalupe	18
Greensburg	94	Ravenswood	58
Higgins	15	Redwood City	556
Hillman Bay	212	Seaside	45
Jefferson	13	San Geronimo	23
Laguna	13	San Bruno	273
La Honda	14	San Mateo	744
Millbrae	72	San Bruno	273
Miramar	47	Tunit	28
Menlo Park	35	Traction	59
Pharis	11	West Union	11
Pigeon Point	39	Wurr	11
Pilarcitos	20		
Pomponia	16	Total	3,344
		Redwood City Democrat	

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RWARD!!!

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The trouble between the W. P. Fuller Company and its employees has been amicably adjusted. The new schedule as to wages and hours went into effect July 1st. According to its provisions an increase of 10 per cent

is granted to all two-dollar men, and 5 per cent to all employees receiving over two dollars. Nine and a half hours five days in the week and on Saturdays nine hours. All employees will be permitted to reside where they please.

Pablo Vasquez met with a serious accident Thursday evening while driving some cattle to San Mateo. An unruly bull which he had roped pulled him with such force against a post as to nearly fracture the leg just above the ankle. The bull when jumped a board fence and dragged man and horse through after him. Mr. Vasquez staying with the rope until the bull released itself at the other end. Mr. Vasquez was brought home Friday morning and will be confined to his room for several days yet. A long top, heavy shot probably saved the leg from being broken.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

On Tuesday of last week a man who had been employed by L. McLean in excavating for the foundation for the new Ooleman building hired a rig from Russell & Robb and disappeared. Word was sent of the theft to the officers of adjacent counties, and Monday the outfit was located near King's City, where it had been sold to a Supervisor of that county. The offender is a young Portuguese, who gave his name to the Liverymen as Harry Govern. He has also, it now transpires, gone by the aliases of Joe Dutra and Harry Rose. While working in San Mateo he was wanted in Santa Cruz for the theft of a horse and saddle. Had the officers of that county sent their circular here the prisoner would have been easily captured. Sheriff Mansfield and J. C. Robb went to King's City yesterday to reclaim the outfit. The thief has not been taken as yet.—Leader, San Mateo.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

RACES AT TANFORAN JULY 4TH.

The program for the joint meeting of the San Francisco and Golden Gate Park Driving Clubs which is to be held at Tanforan Park on Independence Day was arranged at a meeting of the joint committee representing the two clubs held last Tuesday evening. As arranged there will be five races as follows:

Green class, San Francisco Driving Club—S. Watson's Bessie W., A. Benson's Star Banner, E. Buck's Zulu Lass, L. Ferral's Louey S.

2:25 class, Golden Gate Park Driving Association—A. J. Jacobs' Mack, Captain Betchelder's Triffe, D. Leiginger's Cicero, H. Schottler's King V., M. M. McDonnell's Young Salisbury, J. Doran's Della McCarthy.

2:40 class, Golden Gate Park Club—J. de la Moyma's Ivy, Sam H. B. Little's Egypt, J. Holland's A. B. P., Captain Barneson's Sid.

Free for all, San Francisco Club—S. Watson's Al Sandy, B. Smith's Echoes Wilkes, G. Martin's Teddy, D. Leiginger's Velma.

2:30 class, San Francisco Club—B. Green's Doc, J. McTigue's Mike, H. Schottler's King V., A. Woolfe's Lawrence W., B. Levy's Cicero, L. Coffey's Mission Queen.

No admission fee will be charged and a band of music will be in attendance. All races will be mile heats, best two in three. The officials for the day will be: Starter, A. J. Martin; judges, J. Winrow, J. Coons and W. J. Simpson; timers, F. Vetter and J. O. Chesley; marshal, Dr. I. B. Dalziel; assistant marshal, W. Higginbottom; secretary, F. W. Thompson; assistant secretary, T. Douglas.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

IT WILL BE ENFORCED.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The July water rate must be paid on or before the last day of July. If not paid the water will be shut off on the 1st day of July and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., July 1, 1903:

Anderson, R. V.; Baxter, Mr.; Cheoile, Miss Marie; Corry, J. J.; Foley, Joseph; Gray, Mrs. A. L.; Hurler, James; Lapierre, Eugene; Michel, Charles A.; Moretti, Serafino; Murray, Mrs. Della; McCaldo, Mrs. Garrini; McCormick, Philip; McDonnell, Wm.; Peters, A.; Thompson, S. J.

Foreign—Marty, Antone. E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

THE FOURTH AT TANFORAN.

The Golden Gate Park Driving Association of San Francisco has made arrangements for a race matinee at Tanforan track on the Fourth of July. There will be no admission fee, but there will be a book and plenty of choice music. The card will consist of all harness races, as follows: 2:25 class, six entries; green class, four entries; 2:40 class, five entries; 2:30 class, five entries; free-for-all, four entries. Many San Mateo people will doubtless attend.

FOR THE ENCAMPMENT.

On account of the national encampment of the G. A. R., to be held in San Francisco, August 17-22, the Southern Pacific Company will sell round-trip tickets from this city to San Francisco for one and one-third fare, with return limit to and including August 31. Sale to commence August 14.—San Mateo Times.

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A PROMINENT COLLEGE MAN.

One of Indiana's Useful Educators Says:
"I Feel Like a New Man."



MR. JOHN W. MENG.

Mr. John W. Meng, 54 Jefferson Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., State Representative of Indianapolis Business College, writes:

"I firmly believe that I owe my fine health to Peruna. Constant travel and change of food and water wrought havoc with my stomach, and for months I suffered with indigestion and catarrh of the stomach. I felt that the only thing to do was to give up my occupation which I felt very reluctant to do. Seeing an ad. of Peruna as a specific for catarrh I decided to give it a trial, and used it faithfully for six weeks, when I found that my troubles had all disappeared and I seemed like a new man. I have a bottle of Peruna in my grip all the time and occasionally take a few doses which keeps me in excellent health."

JOHN W. MENG.

THE most common phases of summer catarrh are catarrh of the stomach and bowels. Peruna is a specific for summer catarrh.

Hon. Willis Brewer, Representative in Congress from Alabama, writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman:

House of Representatives,

Washington, D. C.

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—“I have used one bottle of Peruna for lassitude, and I take

When one man hangs around another too closely he is generally trying to make a grindstone of his friend's nose for his own ax.

Used by Young or Old.

Best for baby, best for grandpa is that perfect Cascarets Candy Cathartic ideal liver regulator and intestinal tonic. Drug-gist, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The joy of the moment may prove the regret of a life-time.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 18 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

An attractive woman can out-distance a brainy one at every move.

Now and ten years hence you will find O. K. Cutter Whisky the same. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

If you are enjoying life's sunshine don't spoil it by crying for the moon.

When doctors disagree, drink Gilt Edge Whisky and let them fight it out. Wm. Lutge & Co., 320 Clay St., S. F.

A woman's personality is all high in life's game.

Kentucky Favorite Whiskey always gives perfect satisfaction. It is pure, uniform, mellow. Just like velvet. Sprance, Stanley & Co., proprietors, San Francisco.

If money could buy the opera boxes of heaven millionaires might have a chance.

Mem. for Good Health.

To-day drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Hope is sometimes like the charm of a snake—lures but to destroy.

\$500 FOR \$20.

History repeats itself, for the initiated. The fortunes made by Mining Kings are still possible. We are investing our money on the presumption that a 15 investment now shall in a few years be a 500. Investigate. Send for information. We give references.

ESTERLY & NEWHALL

Representing the El Dorado Copper Mining Co. 517-18 Parrott Bldg., S. F., Cal.

GREENBANK

BEST PRUNE DIP

Powdered 98% Caustic Soda. Pure Potash.

ASK FOR

Mott's New York

Absolute-
y Pure CIDER Non-
Alcoholic

When Writing to Advertisers
Please Mention This Paper

S. F. N. P. U. No. 27, 1908.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS



A servant having a right to lodge in his master's house is held, in *State vs. Howard* (S. C.), 58 L. R. A. 685, to be guilty of burglary if he opens a closed door or raises a sash and enters the building, not for the purpose of using the house as a lodging place but with intent to steal his master's goods.

The appropriation of public moneys to pay a debt incurred by a municipality which was stricken by a cyclone, for burying its dead, removing debris and caring for the injured and homeless, is held, in *State ex rel. New Richmond vs. Davidson* (Wis.), 58 L. R. A. 739, to be within the power of the Legislature.

A will of real estate is held, in *Amatrano vs. Downs* (N. Y.), 58 L. R. A. 719, not to pass the amount received for the property under eminent domain proceedings consummated during the testator's lifetime. The passing of proceeds of land under a devise of real property is discussed in a note to this case.

Negligence in leaving a carload of high explosives an unreasonable time in the vicinity of a dwelling is held, in *Fort Worth & D. C. R. Co. vs. Beauchamp* (Tex.), 58 L. R. A. 716, to be the proximate cause of injury to the dwelling by an explosion of a car through fire communicated from other cars near by.

A statute which establishes a new method of forming governing boards of counties, but provides that it shall not apply to certain counties in the State, is held in *Carolina Grocery Company vs. Burnett* (S. C.), 58 L. R. A. 687, not to be invalid as special legislation, where the Legislature has constitutional authority to enact special provisions in general laws.

A telegraph company is held, in *Western Union Telegraph Company vs. Cobb* (Tex.), 58 L. R. A. 698, not to comply with its duty to deliver promptly a telegram by delivering it to the clerk of the hotel where the addressee boards, where the clerk had no other authority to receive it than that which arises from the relation of hotelkeeper and boarder.

Under a mortgage securing several notes, which provides that, in case of default in payment of one and sale of the mortgaged property, the mortgagee may appropriate the fund to the payment of the amount of principal and interest thereby secured, where some of the notes have been defaulted, an attachment of property not included in the mortgage has been made to collect the amount due on them, and a sale made under the mortgage, it is held, in *Hutchings vs. Reinhardt* (R. I.), 58 L. R. A. 680, that the mortgagee may appropriate the fund realized from such sale to notes not due, in order to reap the benefit of the attachment by applying its proceeds upon the matured notes.

IMMUNE FROM SMALLPOX.

Lettuce is an absolute preventive of smallpox. No one is in the least particle of danger of catching smallpox who eats a little lettuce every day. Smallpox belongs to the scrofulous class of diseases. Sailors at sea deprived of fresh vegetables get scurvy. Scurvy is a typical scrofulous disease. Smallpox always rages during the winter season, when the poor people are deprived of fresh vegetable foods. Celery and onions are good for this purpose, but there is such a long interval between their being gathered and being eaten that they lose most of their antiscrofulous properties.

Lettuce is served shortly after it is picked, and hence contains the valuable properties which will prevent smallpox. It is a thousand times better than vaccination. It has no disabilities, like vaccination, to produce other diseases. We are willing to stake our professional reputation on the broad statement that anyone who eats smallpox daily will not catch smallpox, whether he be vaccinated or not.

Medical Talk.

THE HOOKAH IN INDIA.

The hookah is smoked as a refreshment and sign of fellowship by the natives of India and not merely as a luxury. When a group of natives are seated together and, as is the custom, the hookah is passed around to each in turn it is considered very bad manners for any one to decline to have a few puffs. If the hookah is thus refused in a friend's house or while one is the guest of another it is regarded as an insult. If for any reason a native is put out of caste the fact is strictly marked by his former caste fellow's refusal to smoke with him, and any one who eats, drinks or smokes with an outcast is himself outcasted.

Chambers' Journal.

SPRINKLING LAWNS.

It is a familiar fact that a lawn which is once watered during a dry season will have to be frequently watered or the grass will suffer often times more than if it had not been watered at all. The first watering induces a superficial root development which must be supplied frequently with water.

EMIGRANTS IN LONDON.

It is complained in London that all the emigrants from southwestern Europe who are incapable of earning money enough to pay steerage passage to the United States stop in that city.

For this condition take

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

FOOD, WATER AND AIR.

The Essential Things Out of Which Blood Is Made.

These are the things out of which blood is made. If the food is nutritious and properly cooked, if the air is pure and full of oxygen if the water is clean and free from impurities, the blood will be rich and red and full of vitality.

Barring physical accidents, there is no sickness except that depending directly upon want of food or water or air, sometimes all three. When any one is sick the presumption is that he has been trying to subsist on poor food or vitiated air or bad water, one or more.

In order to have good food a person ought to have the first eating of it. Food that has been mussed over and left by one person is not fit to be eaten by another.

In order to have good air a person ought to have the first breathing of it. Air that has been breathed by other persons is not fit to breathe again.

Water should be fresh from some spring or well. If hydrant water must be used let it run a bit, as the house pipes are apt to be of lead and not iron like the pipes that convey the water through the city.

Food that is relished, air that cools and invigorates, water that is quaffed with eager thirst—these are the things that make blood. Put fresh air into the lungs, good food and pure water into the stomach, and nature will do the rest—Medical Talk.

A Trick With an Egg.

Place two V shaped wineglasses of the same size near the edge of a table. In the right hand one put an egg, just fitting the rim of the glass. Hold the bases of the glasses firmly down, the top rims touching each other. Now, with a quick, sharp breath, blow upon the line where the egg and the glass meet. The egg will jump to the other glass. With a little practice this can be done every time. Be careful to blow in a line with the left hand glass, or the egg will jump in the wrong direction and land on the table with disastrous results.

Old Time Tippling.

The tipping habit is bad enough everywhere, and is worse in Europe than here. In the eighteenth century it was a greater evil than it is now. A writer in the Cornhill Magazine tells some stories to illustrate the old condition of things.

In Edinburgh in 1760 the Society of Clerks enacted that all servants should be forbidden to take tips and members be forbidden to give them. This example was followed by other clubs and societies. Today there is the rule in most clubs against tipping the servants.

An eccentric Irish gentleman, Lord Taaffe, used to attend his guests to the door and if they offered any money to the servants who were lined up with the guests' baggage, the host would say, "If you give, give it me, for it was I that did buy the dinner."

A well known colonel while sitting at dinner inquired the names of the host's servants. "For," said he, "I cannot pay them for such a good dinner, but I should like to remember them in my will."

Another eccentric gentleman, after patiently redeeming his hat, sword, cane and cloak, to the very bottom of his purse, turned to the two remaining servants who were waiting obscurely, each with a glove, and said affably: "Keep those. I will not trouble to buy them back. They are old and not worth a shilling."

"Swans," said an official of the zoo, "have great strength of wing. It is said that with a blow of its wing a swan can break a man's leg, and I have no doubt this is so. A doctor told me one day, as we stood together by the zoo lake, that one of his first cases had been that of a man whose arm a swan had broken with its wing."

The accident occurred in Arkansas, on Swan lake, a body of water where these birds abound. A huntsman was "fire hunting" when a swan, making for the light, flew straight at his head. He put up his arm to shield his face, and the powerful wing of the big white bird struck him like a club. Both bones in the forearm were broken; it was a compound fracture.

"If a swan accidentally can break in this way a man's arm, there is, in my opinion, no room to doubt that it could, if it desired, break with a well directed blow a man's leg."—Philadelphia Record.

Medical Talk.

THE SHANK OF THE SHOE.

What the Glazed, Metallic Marks Thereon Tell the Broker.

Half a score of clerks in one of the largest brokerage houses in New York were astounded one morning when one by one they were called into their employer's private office and asked to hold up their feet and show the shanks of their shoes. They thought the "old man" had gone quite mad.

Each young man as he entered the office was told to sit down and put his foot up on a corner of the desk where it could be examined.

The head of the house put on his glasses and very carefully scrutinized the shank of the shoe.

When all had been put through this examination he called the entire force of clerks into his office and explained to them why this unusual examination had been made.

"You are well aware," said he "that

I will not have a drinking man in my employ if I know it. For some time

I have had good reasons for believing

that several of the young men before

me have been indulging quite too

much. Now I know it. Here are the

marks of the bar rail on the bottoms

of your shoes."

Several of the young men braced

themselves against the wall and lifted

their feet as a blacksmith lifts the foot

of a horse. Sure enough, there were

the glazed, metallic marks on the dry

leather. They were the evidences of

guilt, and the young men's faces

showed it.

"It's unmistakable proof," said the

head of the house. "You may fix up

your breath at the drug store and the

barber can clean up your eyes and

face, but you neglect the shanks of

your shoes."

That afternoon three young men

cleaned out their desks and gave

the keys to the managing clerk.—New

York Herald.

No Use For It Himself.

"Do you take this internally?" asked

the customer, as he put the bottle in

his pocket and took his change.

"Me!" said the druggist's new assist-

ant. "Great Scott, no! I sell it."

Stray Stories.

A wheelbarrow is an excellent vehi-

cle in its way, but it won't push itself.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

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Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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